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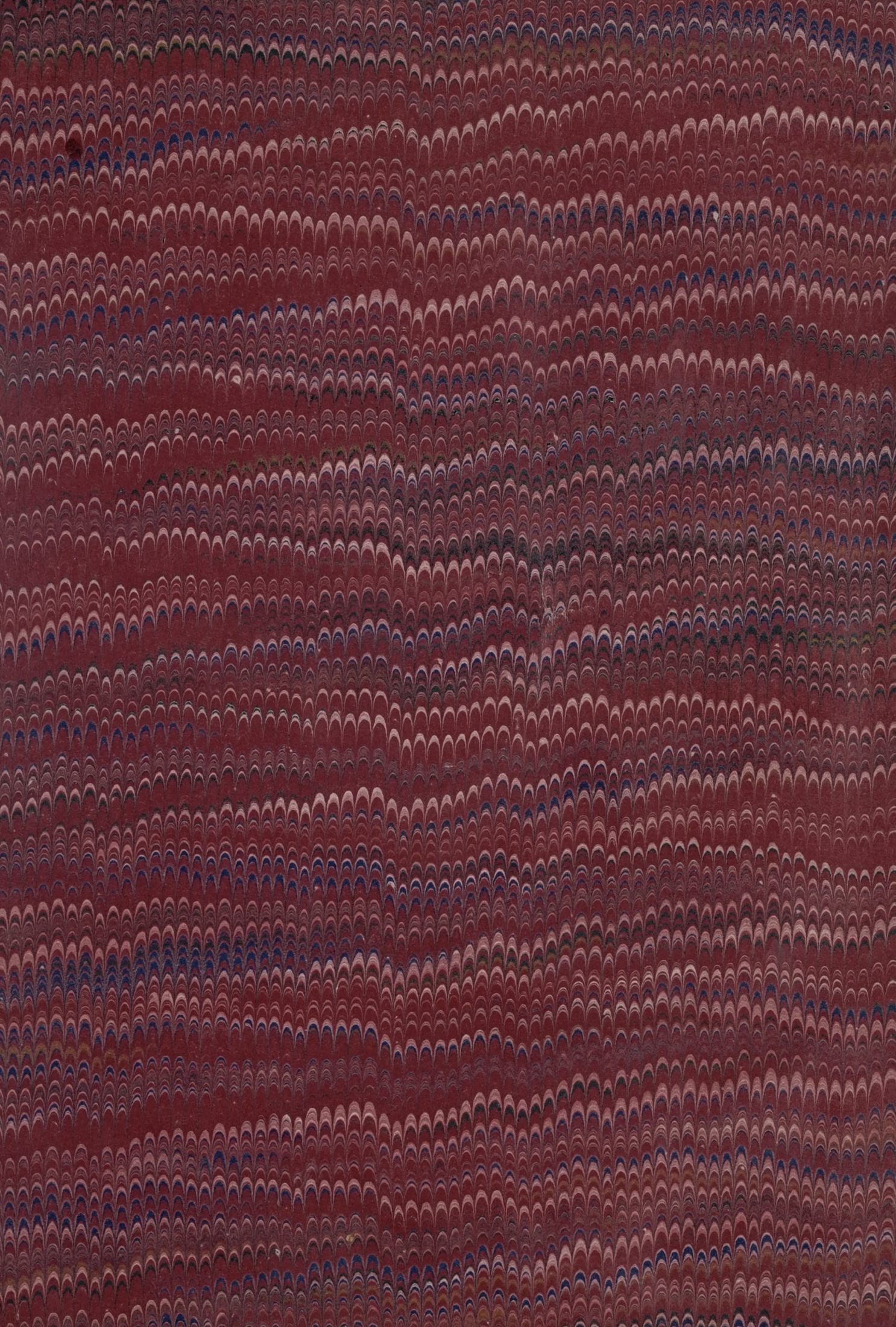
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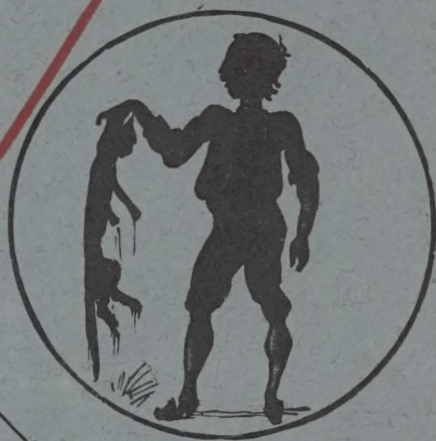
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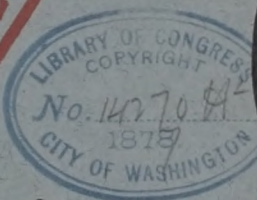


SLICES OF GOOSE



BY ALICE PARKMAN

SERVED WITH SAUCE BY CHAMP



and offered the public by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Boston

SLICES OF GOOSE



MOTHER

BY ALICE PARKMAN

SERVED WITH SAUCE BY CHAMP



and offered the public by
Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Boston

1893

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HEY, DIDDLE-DIDDLE.



A CAT, who in vain to her hearers had sung,
Eliciting scanty applause,
Concluded to try a more exquisite strain
On a violin played by her claws.

But, oh! All her previous songs had been sweet
Compared to that terrible tune ;
A cow, having heard it, went instantly mad,
And fairly jumped over the moon.

A dog, having nerves that were tol'rably strong,
Was simply amused by the scene ;
While a dish and a spoon the confusion employed
Their hasty elopement to screen.

JACK AND JILL.

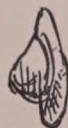
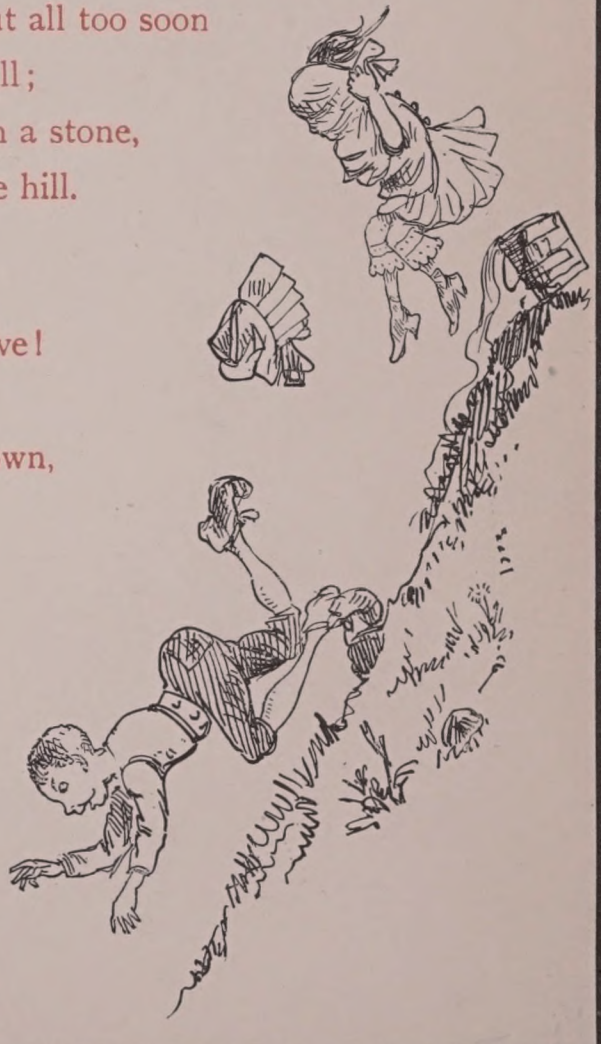
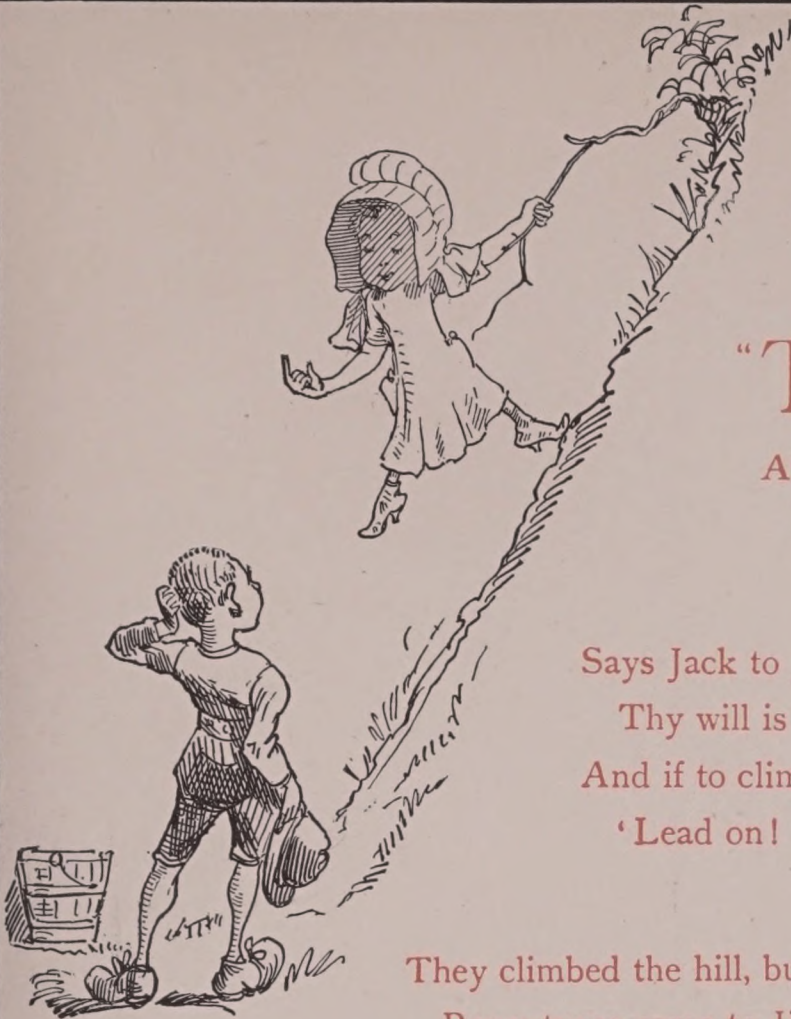
“TO climb that stately eminence,”
Says Jill to Jack, “I go;
And if thou lov’st, then follow me,
Follow in weal or woe.”

Says Jack to Jill: “Whate’er thou wilt,
Thy will is law to me;
And if to climb thou dost desire,
‘Lead on! I’ll follow thee!’”

They climbed the hill, but all too soon
Repentance came to Jill;
For Jack he tripped upon a stone,
And tumbled down the hill.

“O Jack! O Jack! My own true love!
Oh, ‘What a fall was there!’
Behold! Like thee, I’ll crack my crown,
For what thou dar’st, I dare!

“I called on thee to follow me,
Whilst climbing up the hill.”
With one wild shriek, “I follow thee!”
Were the last words of Jill.



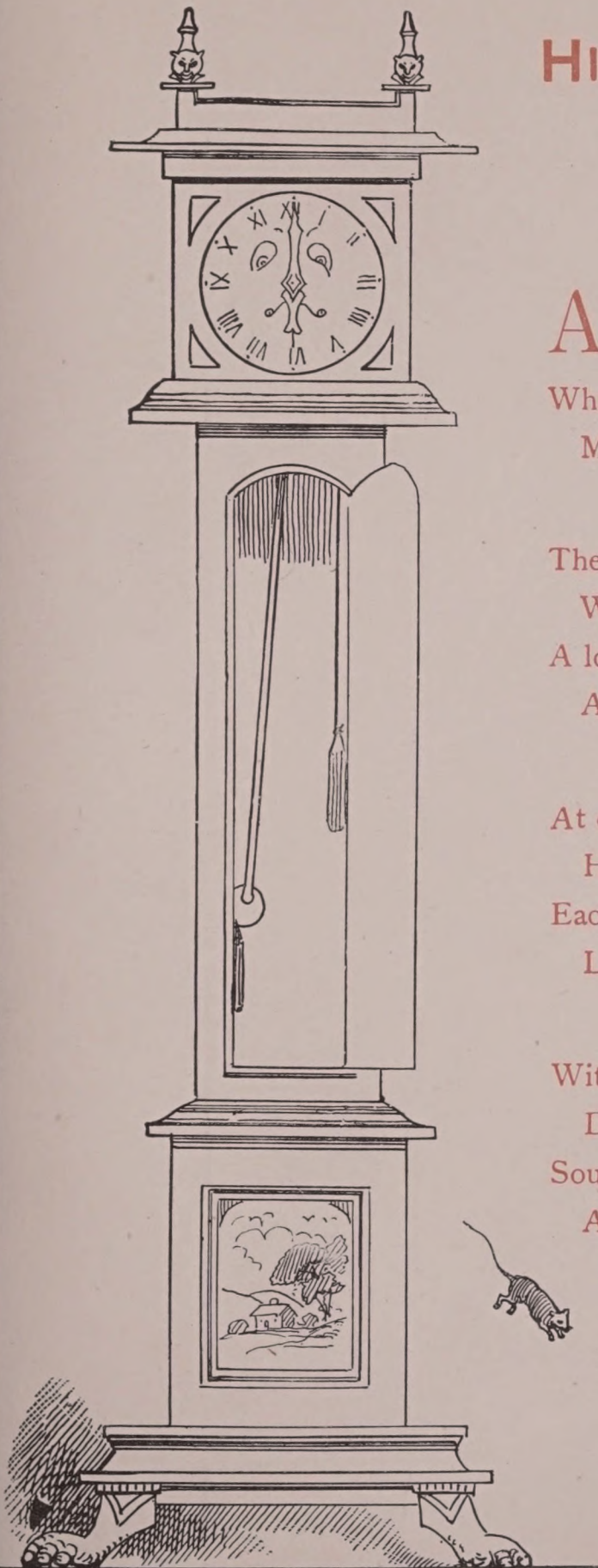
HICKORY DICKORY DOCK.

A TINY quadruped essayed
A dizzy height to climb,
Where mystic symbols, circling round,
Marked out the course of time.

The height is gained, the goal attained,
When, mark his trembling fears!
A loud report — a horrid din
Assails his shuddering ears!

At once he deems his hour is come;
He sees in vision rise
Each stolen cake, each purloined crumb,
Like ghosts before his eyes.

With guilty speed, with beating heart,
Down from that height he tore,
Sought out the earth's remotest depths,
And ne'er was heard of more.



THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

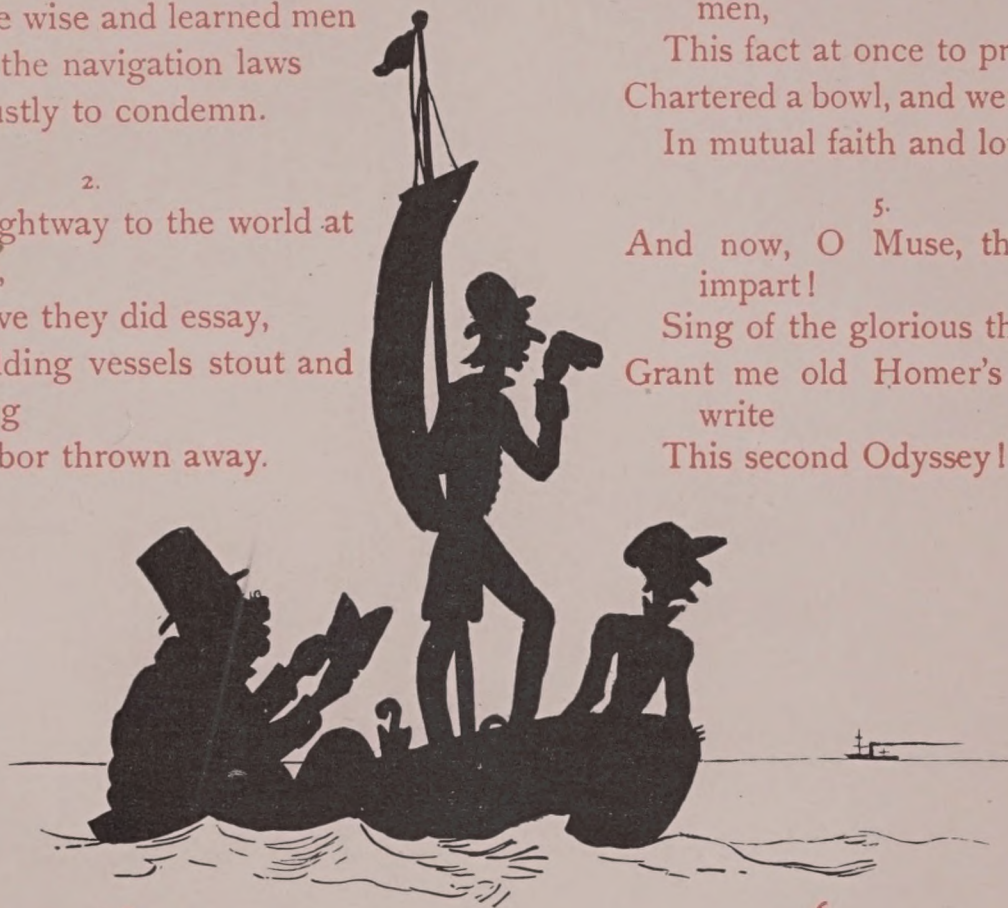
CANTO I.

1.
IN Gotham, as the story goes,
Three wise and learned men
Resolved the navigation laws
Most justly to condemn.

2.
And straightway to the world at
large,
To prove they did essay,
That building vessels stout and
strong
Was labor thrown away.

4.
And so these wise and learned
men,
This fact at once to prove,
Chartered a bowl, and went to sea,
In mutual faith and love.

5.
And now, O Muse, thine aid
impart!
Sing of the glorious three!
Grant me old Homer's pen to
write
This second Odyssey!




3.
For why should man with ship-building
Perplex his very soul,
When all he needs is simply this,
A common china bowl?

6.
In cantos must I now divide
At once this epic song ;
For such adventures to describe
Will doubtless take me long.

CANTO II.

My story, after all, is short,
In fact this is the whole.
The cause thereof is simply this,
The weakness of that bowl.



PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT!

“PUSSY, 'tis long since your face I've seen,

Come, tell me where it is that you went.”

“Lady, I've been to our noble queen,
Towards our gracious sovereign my steps
were bent.”

“Pussy, when you in that presence stood,
Did a noble air, did a courtly mien,
In the eyes of the courtiers gathered there,
Mark your due respect for that royal scene?”

“Lady, court-etiquette could not control.
'What's bred in the bone will come out in the meat.'
E'en in the presence of royalty,
Still nature is strong and instinct sweet.”

“Pussy! I tremble to hear your tale!
What did you do and what did you dare?”

“Lady! My whiskers droop with shame.
I frightened a little mouse under her
chair!”

DING DONG BELL!

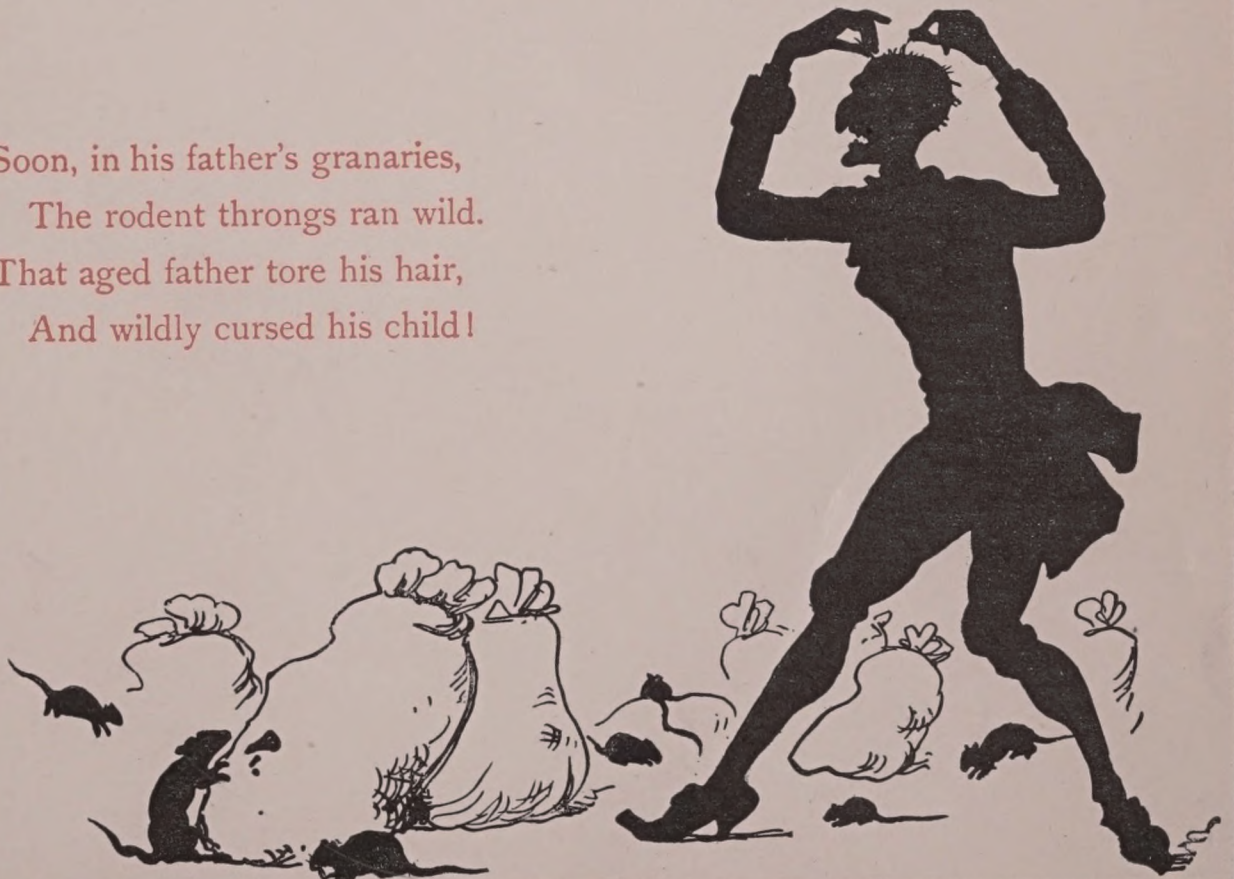


DOWN to the depths had pussy sunk ;
Oh! doleful tale to tell!
To mark her life's untimely end,
List to that passing bell !

O Johnny Greene! O Johnny Greene!
What was thy vain remorse,
When from the depths by Tommy Trout
Was drawn that drownèd corse !



Soon, in his father's granaries,
The rodent throngs ran wild.
That aged father tore his hair,
And wildly cursed his child!



LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

UPON a tuffet (and pray what is that?)
Consuming curds, Miss Muffet sat serene,
Nor dreamed that aught her pleasure could alloy,
Nor aught disturb the stillness of the scene;
But little can we know of dangers hid, I ween.

For, see, above her, on yon swaying bough,
There shines, half-seen, a labyrinth of thread,
From out whose mazes peer two wicked eyes
Above the fair, and all unconscious head
Of her who feels not yet the slightest touch of dread.

And soon a single, silvery thread is thrown
Forth from that covert, undiscerned retreat;
And down the fairy rope a spider glides,
Who straightway by Miss Muffet takes his seat;
While she herself believes in strict seclusion sweet.



The moments fly, and still the tempting curd
Is fast consumed before the hungry eyes
Of him who erst carnivorous, has become
Omnivorous through utter dearth of flies,
And therefore deems e'en milky food a prize.

At length, half smothered, yet distinctly heard,
Up from his breast is breathed a longing sigh,
At which Miss Muffet, starting nervously,
To right and left now casts a searching eye,
And sees with direst dread the spider crouching
nigh!

A moment, as if palsied by the sight,
Wildly she stares, then starting from her seat,
And uttering woful cries, she hies away,
Leaving the spider to his conquest sweet,
Who with sardonic smile beholds her swift retreat.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING of a Sixpence a
song, of rye in the
pocket be singing;

Blackbirds encrusted with
paste, a numerous host
now behold them.



When servants had open'd
the pie, the blackbirds
burst forth in a chorus.

How could they place such
a dainty before the great
head of the nation?



The Monarch in counting-
room sitting, is handling
the gold and the silver,

His spouse, in the parlor
above him, the honey-
comb's product devours;

The maid, having laved the
Queen's linen, suspends it
for purpose of drying,



When her organ of smell
by a blackbird, escaped
from imprisoning pastry,

Is suddenly snatched from
her visage, and heavenward
takes its departure.

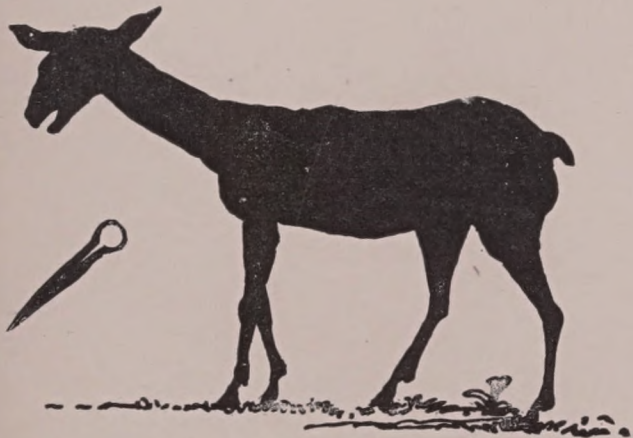
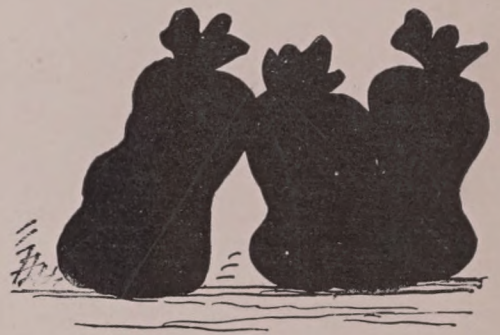


BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP!



BLEAT, O sheep of inky hue!
Let me now inquire of you
If your winter covering warm
Still enfolds that dusky form.

Of that coat which nature's care
Furnished to me, still I wear
Enough to fill a spacious sack,
Thrice replenished, on my back.



When my shivering form appears,
Naked from the fatal shears,
Then my master and my dame
Of my fleece a part may claim;

But that boy who, in the lane,
Without excuse of woe or pain,
Still continues to repine,
Ne'er shall own a fleece of mine.



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

FROM the upper air descending,
From the orb that lights the heavens,
When the brilliant sun, declining,
Leaves us to the milder lustre
Of that chaste and pallid goddess, —
From it, I repeat, descending, —
From that weird and frigid
region

(Here, I own, a critic cap-
tious
Might object to figures
varied ;
But I scorn the scorn of
critics !
What's a critic but a nui-
sance ?
An unmitigated nui-
sance ?), —
From that orb, I say, de-
scending,
Came the only human be-
ing

Who those dismal plains inhabits.
He, the Lord of Lunar Regions
(Also by another title
Is he known unto the vulgar,
Which the rhythm that I've chosen
Makes impossible to mention), —

He, I say once more, descending
From his realms of pallid splendor
(There's another contradiction
Of that "weird and frigid region" !).
Once again I say, descending,
Came that interesting stranger.



* * * * *

The beginning of this
story
Takes so long a time in
telling,
That I think it would be
better
Not to weary out the
reader
By continuing it further ;
So will leave the sequel
to it
To his own imagination,
Or refer him to the pages

Of that ancient book, and famous,
By a title called which meaneth
Of domestic bird the mother.
(Here, again, the rhyme allows not
That her real name be mentioned.)

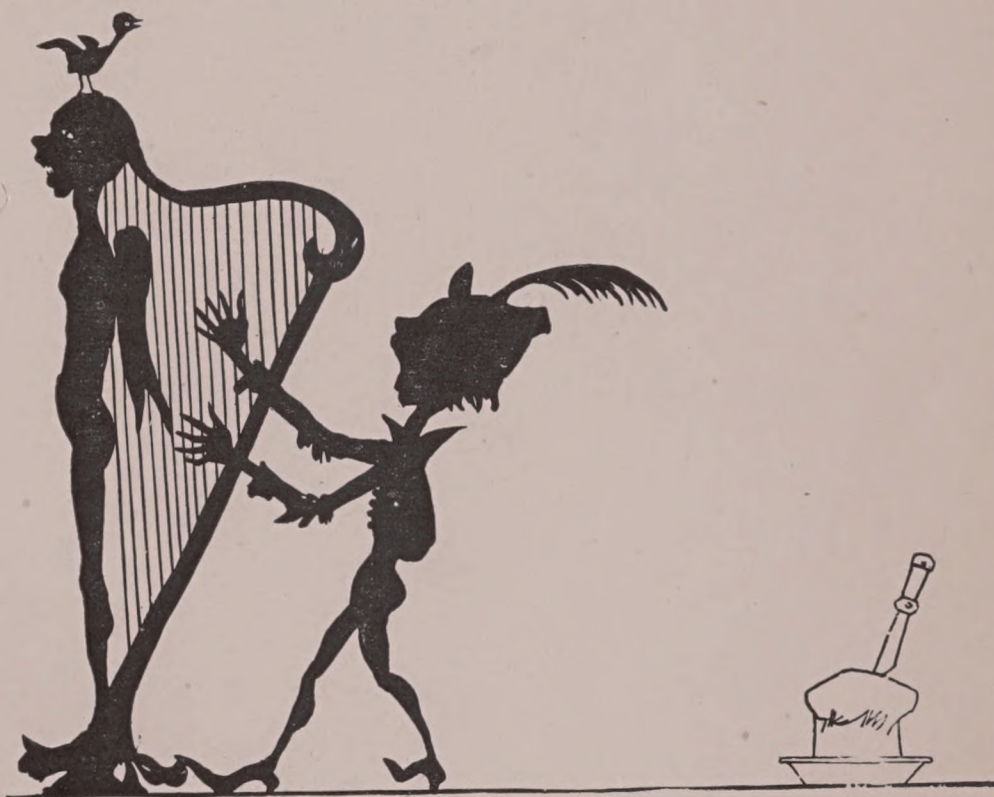




LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

“OH! tuneful Tom Tucker! O give us a song!
While echoes, adoring, the strain shall prolong.
No supper we'll give thee until we have heard
Thy voice mock the notes of the carolling bird.”

“But what shall I sing for?” Tom Tucker replied,
As his fingers swept softly the harp by his side;
“Thou art rich, I am poor, then, ‘Oh! blame not the bard!’
If he ask for requital, since life is so hard.”



“On a fine wheaten loaf shall the minstrel be fed,
In the king's kitchen baked, and with butter o'erspread.
The common brown loaves to our vassals belong;
But the finest and best to the creatures of song.”

“But still with respect may the minstrel suggest
That a knife to divide it would surely be best.
As well to the altar to go without wife,
As cut a loaf neatly without any knife.”



GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER.



WHERE, O goose, dost wander restless
Through this grand and lordly mansion?
“Up and down the stately staircase,
In the ancient halls baronial,
In the chamber of my lady.
There an old and hoary sinner,
White and bent and nearly blinded,
Playing cards I did discover.



‘Cease,’ I cried, ‘O ancient trifler!
Cease that light and trivial pastime;
Rather say a Paternoster!’
Feebly mumbling, then the veteran
Turned his dim and aged eye-balls
Vaguely towards me for an instant;
To his ear his hand applying,
Muttered something indistinctly,
Then returned unto his cribbage.
The spirit then of Torquemada
Seized and utterly possessed me.
Blinded with religious frenzy,
And the zeal for persecution,

By his leg the old man seizing, —
Who too helpless to withstand me,
Struggled feebly in my clutches, —
Straightway down the stairs I hurled him!
And I laughed at the concussion
Of that ancient head and hoary,
As it struck against the pavement,
When at length he reached the bottom.
Thus you see the consequences
Of an irreligious spirit.”



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

WHY wanders thus that pensive little maid
O'er hill and dale, with faltering steps and slow?
Is it the absence of her bleating charge
Which stamps on her fair brow that look of woe?
Peep, peep, little Bo-Peep!
Where did you leave your sheep, then?
If you'd taken more care, my lady fair,
They'd have never got out of the sheep-pen.



And even now thou seest
A prophet I have proved,
For wending home, behold them,
Thy sheep so dearly loved;
And towards their caudal ending
Now cast thy dainty eye,

And after that believe me
Whene'er I prophesy.
Oh, dear! What see I yonder?
This truly is vexation!
The horrid things have dropped their tails,
And spoiled my reputation!



Yet be not disheartened, for soon to the home
Of their innocent lambhood the wanderers
will come;
While each caudal appendage with joy you
will see
Attached to its owner, and wagging with glee.
Then little Bo-Peep,
Now cease to weep;
For that's no way
To find your sheep.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

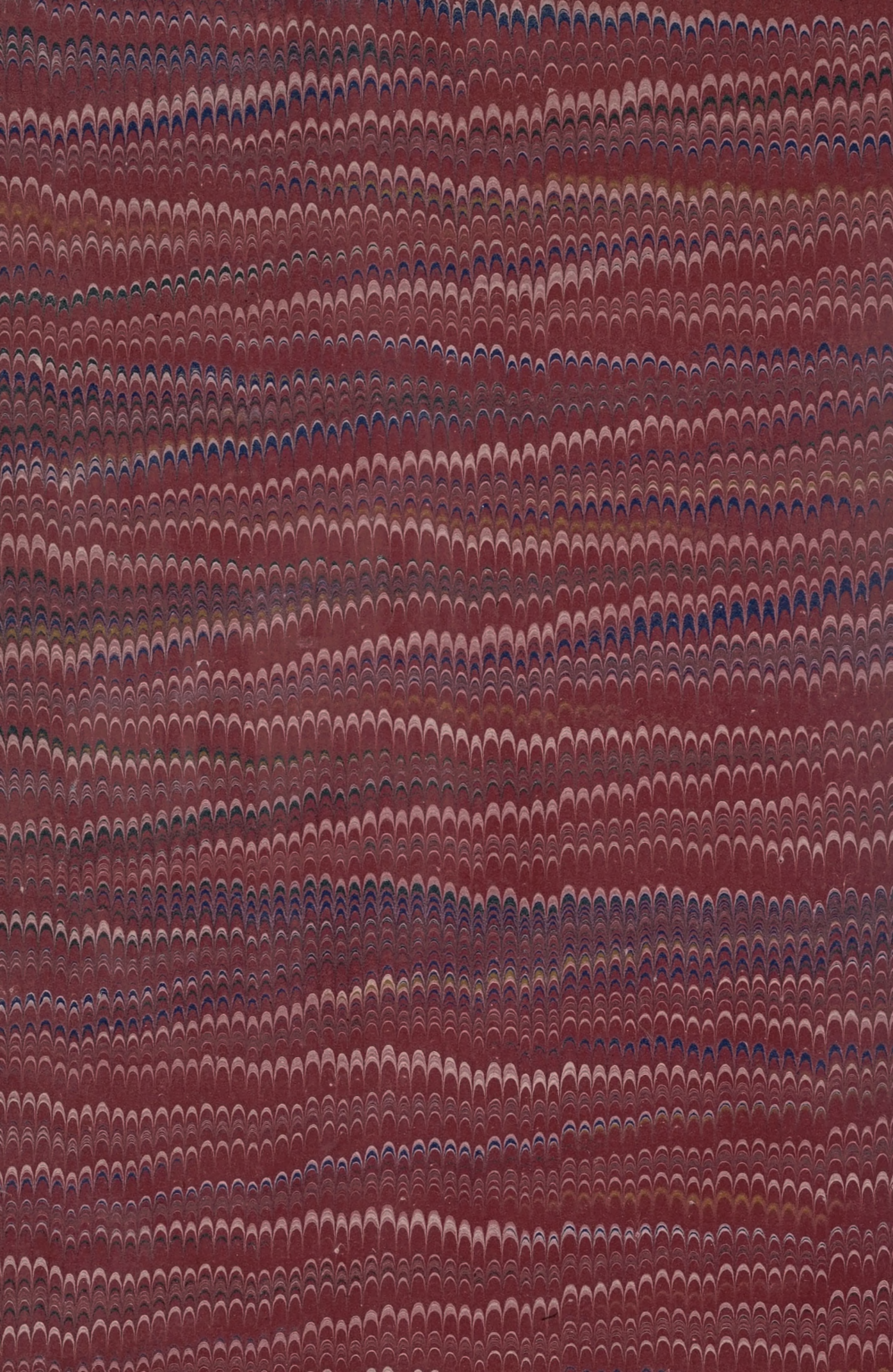
SEE little Jack with plate on knee,
As good a boy as boy can be,
And quite aware of it,
Eying with joy his Christmas pie,
And quite determined he will try
To eat it, every bit.

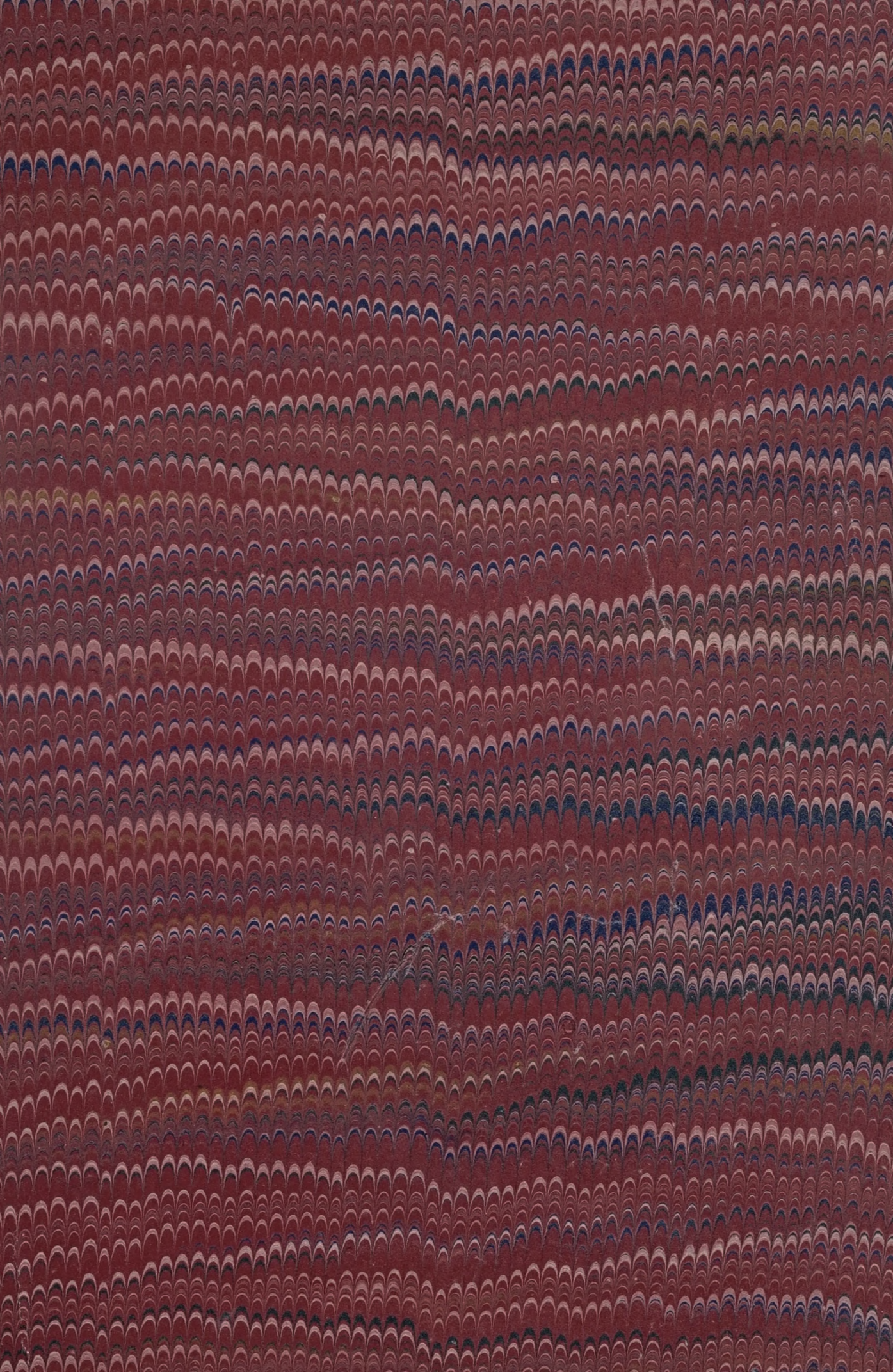
How sweet, as with his dainty thumb,
He seeks the nectariferous plum,
To feel how good he is!
And fondly hope through life to find
The choicest blessings of mankind
Continue to be his.



And we on history's page may read
How brilliantly did Jack succeed,
And build his house so high.
And thus historic mansions may
Be built by all who truly say,
"How good a boy am I!"







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